THE

Theatrical Observer;

AND

Daily Bills of the Play.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—OTHELLO.

No. 2280. *Thursday, April* 2, 1829. *Price* 1*d.*

"The Play's the thing!"—Ask for *Thomas's Observer.*

Covent Garden Theatre.

There was no performance at this Theatre last evening.

Drury Lane Theatre.

LAST night, Handel's sacred Oratorio of *The Messiah*, was performed for the second time this season. The singers were the same as on the former evening, namely, Misses Love, Betts, Farrar, and Madame Stockhausen; Messrs. Braham, Atkins, Horncastle, and Seguin, who each executed the music allotted them with all their usual ability. There is no doubt that Handel has infused a greater portion of genius into the composition of *The Messiah*, than into any other of his Oratorios, and the subject is more immediately interesting to religious feeling; it is, therefore, the only Oratorio of three acts, which keeps possession of the stage. We know of nothing that is more heart stirring than one of Handel's sublime chorusses, particularly the Hallelujah, executed in perfect time; the audience feels the sublimity of the effect, and every impulse is in sympathy with this great performance.

Between the parts, Mr. Schlesinger and Master Werner played a duet on two piano-fortes with great skill; the fingering of the pupil reflected great credit on his master. Mr. Artot, jun. played a concerto on the violin with much more expression than we should have expected from a youth of fifteen;—he was warmly applauded. Madame Camporese, after an absence of five years, made her first appearance; she was loudly cheered, and sang an aria by Pacini, and Mozart's delighful aria from *Il Don Giovanni*, 'Vedrai carino,' with that purity of style, and scientific execution, for which she was remarkable when at the King's Theatre: the last aria was encored.—We hail the return of Madame Camporese to England, with a mixed feeling;—pleasure, at again hearing this accomplished singer, but regret, at the necessity of her return to public life, after having retired to enjoy an easy competence in her native land, earned by a meritorious exertion of talents, which had been merely learnt as an accomplishment, till reverse of fortune had obliged her to employ them as the means of acquiring independence;—and as she had resumed her real name, Justiniani, we fear some fresh misfortune has obliged her to resume the profession of a public singer.

KING'S THEATRE.—ON Tuesday evening, Rossini's Opera Seria, *Riciardo e Zoraide*, was produced at this Theatre, compressed into one act. We cannot conceive why this excellent Opera was mutilated,

unless it is intended to make the Opera, a secondary consideration so long as the new Ballet attracts. Madame Pisaroni, Mademoiselle Blasis, and Signori Donzelli and Curioni, were completely at home in this Opera; not a note, a word, or a gesture, was given amiss. The celebrated trio 'Cruda sorte,' was given in a style of excellence, not to be surpassed, as was also a duet in the third scene between Pisaroni, and Blasis. To go into all the merits of the performance would be, in fact, to mention every scene. The applause was unbounded.

To the Editor of The Theatrical Observer.

DEAR MR EDITOR, I address you from the Cigar Divan, King-street, Covent Garden, having just popt in to luxurate on a capital cup of Coffee, and a true Havannah—beg pardon, hope I don't intrude—but will you excuse me—I have to mention, that I've arranged so as to rub shoulders with my friends, and the fashionable world, at one or other of the *Grand Lounges* about town.

Monday, I step into *The Cosmorama*, Regent Street—every day crowded—charming illusion—the effect of sunshine and shade astonishing—Edinburgh on fire—wander through Rome, Switzerland, Valley of Lauterbroun, and take a peep at the Sultana, and the Seraglio at Constantinople—will change shortly.

On Tuesday, I wander through the various departments of that popular and attractive Establishment, THE ROYAL BAZAAR, 73, Oxford Street—view The Coronation of Charles Xth, (very splendid) The British Diorama, The Descent from the Cross, the unrivalled Exhibition of 16 Pictures, cut with scissars, (indescribably beautiful and curious) The French Child, born with the inscription, "*Napoleon Empereur*," in its eyes, and the large Walnut Tree.

On Wednesday, I step into the Horse Bazaar, Baker Street—inspect the magnificent Exhibition of Musical and Mechanical Automa—Musical Lady, Juvenile Artist, Rope Dancer, Magician, Walking Figure, a magnificent Vase, made by order of Napoleon, Birds, &c. In the afternoon, I qualify Mrs. P.'s discordant notes with some harmony divine, and may be found between 1 and 4 o'clock, at *The Apollonicon*; in St. Martin's Lane.

On Thursday, I shall be found, with my Spectacles off, admiring the truly grand display of the Wonders of Nature—I don't mean the Naturals called Fops, but the Microscopic Wonders, exhibited by Mr. Carpenter, the Optician, in Regent Street. In the evening, I drop into Covent Garden Theatre to see *The Invincibles*, with *The Sublime and Beautiful*—always put me in a good humour—I am never tired of hearing Wood's 'Fairest Flower,' and Miss Hughes's 'Hunter's Signal Horn'—beautifully sung—nightly encored.

On Friday, I shall look in on Mr. Finn, in Regent Street, at his *Fancy Glass-working Exhibition*—an ingenious pretty Workshop. Afterwards, I drop in to examine *Miss Linwood's* curious Needle-Work, in Leicester Square.

In the evening, went to Drury—saw Planche's successful Drama, 'Charles the Twelfth'—heard Miss Love sing her beautiful song, 'Rise gentle Moon'—most enthusiastically encored—elegant composition, by John Barnett—will be as popular as 'The Light Guitar.'

On Saturday—All my country cousins, with Mrs. Pry, are waiting to accompany me to that long-established Magazine of Novelties, THE WESTERN EXCHANGE BAZAAR, Old Bond Street—fashion combined with usefulness—elegance with economy—I always pop in at the private door, 14, Burlington Arcade.

Now having given you my week's perambulations, I'll kill an hour over one or two of eight Morning and Evening Papers at this aforesaid Divan, King Street—skim the Magazines, take a peep at a Chess match going on, whiff another Cigar, and then for the play—"the play's the thing"—but I intrude—beg pardon

Your's, PAUL PRY.

P. S. Heard the divine Vestris sing her new Song in *Giovanni*, 'The Banners of Blue'—beautiful, reminded me of Catalani's best days—the audience call'd for it a third time—great honor—received three distinct rounds of applause—her Portrait is annexed to the Music.

N. B. Being about to furnish a Villa on an elegant, but economical plan, I daily examine MILES's New Exhibition Rooms, connected with the Royal Bazaar, Castle Street—every article splendid and useful—at half-price—and no charge for delivery.

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

This Evening, (5th time) a new Operatic Entertainment, called

Home, sweet Home!

Or, The Ranz des Vaches.

The Overture and Music, (with the exception of the National Airs) composed by Mr BISHOP.

Captain la Roche, Mr FAWCETT,
Colonel Henry la Roche, (his Son) Mr WARDE,
Edward Malaise, Mr WOOD,
Chevalier Charles Valcour..... Mr WRENCH,
Natz, Mr KEELEY,
Officer, Mr HENRY, Corporal, Mr IRWIN,
Bronze, Mr MEADOWS.
Madame Germance, Madame VESTRIS,
Florine, Miss FORDE, Lisette, Miss GOWARD,
Peasant Girl, Mrs NEWCOMBE.

After which, the Opera of

The Invincibles.

General Verdun, Mr FAWCETT,
Chevalier Dorval, Mr EVANS, O'Slash, MrPOWER,
Captain Florvil, Mr WOOD,
Brusque, Mr BARTLEY, Tactique, Mr MEADOWS,
Victoire, Madame VESTRIS,
Juliette, Miss CAWSE, Sophie, Miss J. SCOTT.

To conclude with the popular Operatic Romance of

Presumption!

Or, the FATE of FRANKENSTEIN

Frankenstein, Mr DIDDEAR, De Lacey, Mr EVANS,
Felix de Lacey, Mr DURUSET, Clerval, Mr HORREBOW,
Fritz, Mr KEELEY, Tanskin, Mr MILLER,
William, Miss WATSON, Hammerpan, Mr FULLER,
(————) Mr O. SMITH.
Elizabeth.....Miss CAWSE, Agatha de Lacey.....Miss FORDE,
Safie, Miss GOWARD, Madame Ninon, Mrs J. HUGHES.

To-morrow, a Grand Oratorio.

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

This Evening, (32nd time) a new Historical Tragedy, called

RIENZI.

Cola Rienzi..... ..... Mr YOUNG,
Angelo Colonna, Mr COOPER,
Stephen Colonna, Mr YOUNGE, Ursini, Mr MUDE,
Savelli, Mr AITKEN, Cafarello, Mr LEE,
Frangipani, Mr BLAND, Alberti, Mr THOMPSON,
Paolo, Mr YARNOLD, Camillo, Mr C. JONES.
Lady Colonna.....Mrs FAUCIT,
Attendants, Miss PINCOTT and Mrs WEBSTER,
Claudia, Miss PHILLIPS.

After which, (13th time) a new Ballet, called

Little Goody Two Shoes.

Margery, and Little Goody Two Shoes.....Miss ROSA BYRNE,
Dancers, Misses ANGELICA, RYAL, and BASEKE,
Characters and Village Girls, Mess. Howell, Wieland, Chikini, Fenton, Bartlett, Misses Macdonald, Ballin, Chikini, Vallancy.

After which, (first time) a new Farce, called

My Wife! What Wife?

Capt. Hector Tempest, (of the Royal Navy) Mr W. FARREN,
Captain Hector Tempest, (of the Light Dragoons)..... Mr JONES,
Simon Pym, Mr HARLEY,
Staunch, Mr BROWNE, Thomas, Mr YARNOLD,
Blunt.....Mr W. BENNETT, Allsauce.....Mr SALTER,
James, Mr HONNER,
Jeweller, Mr C. JONES, Tailor, Mr BARNES.
Lady Longpurse.....Mrs C. JONES, Louisa.....Miss CURTIS,
Housekeeper, Mrs KENDALL,
Nurse, Mrs WEBSTER, Milliner, Miss WESTON.

To-morrow, no Performance.

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